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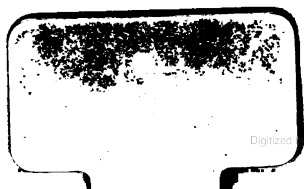
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THE
Humours of Purgatory.

A
F A R C E,

As it is Acted at the
NEW THEATRE in Lin-
colns-Inn-Fields.

By Mr. GRIFFIN.

—*Et Mortis praripit Horam.*



LONDON: Printed for A. BETTESWORTH
at the Red Lyon in Pater-Noster-Row; and Sold
by J. Graves in St. James's Street. 1716.

Price One Shilling.



TO
AARON HILL, *Esq;*

S I R,



YOU have so often condescended to express your self my Friend, that 'twould be a piece of the highest Ingratitude, if I let pass any Opportunity of making an Acknowledgment. I shall ever own 'tis from that Encouragement and Approbation you were pleas'd to honour me with, that I de-

A 3

rive

DEDICATION.

rive all the Success I have hitherto had on the Stage: And if I may any Way judge of it by the Smiles of an Audience, in some of those Parts I have attempted, (though an Actor of but one Year's Experience) I have had the good Fortune to please; yet I must own I have met with Opposers too: But so long as I can boast of your Favour and Protection, among the rest of those worthy Patrons of the Stage, whose Diversion is my sole Aim in all I attempt, I shall never have Occasion either to fear or regard them. I am sensible this Trifle I prefix your Name to, is far unworthy the Honour:
But

DEDICATION.

But that good Nature which is so inseparable from you, will, I hope, pardon what your Judgment must disapprove. I never design'd it as a Present; all I propose, is Gratitude, to discharge, as far as I have Power, those Obligations you have laid me under; and let the World know I have no Wish beyond that of subscribing my self,

Your oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

BEN. GRIFFIN.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

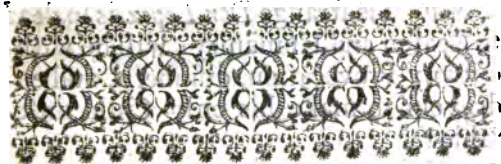
D ON Lopez Di Porto Vittranto,	} Mr. Griffin.
the Hypochondriack,	
Don Silvio, in Love with Constantia,	Mr. Ogden.
Germanan, Physician to Lopez,	Mr. Schoolding.
Cardus, an Apothecary,	Mr. Knapp.
Diego	} Mr. H. Bullock.
Faccomo	} Mr. Coker.
1 Mob,	Mr. Godard.
2 Mob,	Mr. Rogers.
3 Mob,	Mr. Scot.
Bearers, Servants, &c.	

W O M E N.

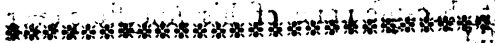
Julia, Wife to Don Lopez,	Mrs. Moore.
Constantia his Daughter, in Love	} Mrs. Robertson.
with Silvio,	

Scene the House of Don Lopez, and Street adjoining.

Time, an Evening.



THE
HUMOURS
OF
PURGATORY.




ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Lopez's House.

Enter Julia, Constantia, and Silvio.

Julia.

 HERE are no Hopes,
Don Silvio; my Husband
is resolv'd, and has just
now made his Will; so
that whene'er Constantia
marries, and he dies, all
his Estate devolves upon the Church.

Silv.

2 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Silv. 'Tis strange *Don Lopez* is so deaf to Reason and Humanity; will he, without any Provocation, disinherit, and endeavour to make his only Child miserable?

Jul. Nay, what's more unaccountable, is his Melancholy; 'tis come to that Height, he won't be perswaded but he shall die to Night; we have us'd all the Means we can invent to drive him out of it, but all to no Purpose: He's in the sixty third (which he calls the Grand Climacterical) Year of his Age; and, he says, cannot survive it, because none of his Ancestors ever did.

Silv. Is he affected with any Distemper that gives Cause to this Fancy?

Jul. None at all. His Frenzy is the only Malady we can perceive. Indeed he has, for a Day or two past, talk'd of Ptitick, Consumption, Apoplestick Fits, and I don't know what; but 'till Yesterday, he has eat, drank, follow'd his Business, or Diversion, as well as ever.

Silv. And now supposes himself a dying?

Jul.

The Humours of Purgatory. 3

Jul. He does; and all we can say won't raise in him a Belief of the contrary.

Silv. I never heard any thing so ridiculous.

Jul. He has order'd me to send for a Father-Confessor to him; but I know if any comes, he'll never bear his Admonition, but abuse him as he does his Physician. In short, we are all ignorant what Course to take with him, or what to do.

Const. I wish, *Don Silvio*, you would take the Office upon you, and perswade him to alter the Will he has made to disinherit me; the Cloth is of some Authority with him, tho' he's not over religious.

Silv. I wish we could change his Mind.

Const. Will you endeavour it?

Silv. With all my Heart; but we must be very secret.

Const. It shall never be discover'd for me.

Jul. Or me.

Silv. Procure me the Habit, and I'll about it instantly.

Jul.

6 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Silo. Compose your Mind, Son; Contrition will alleviate the Heinousness of the Crime: I once committed Fornication my self.

Lop. Ah! Father! I fear you do but flatter me in my Frailties. Do Men of your Profession ever drive that Trade, that wicked Trade?

Silo. Men of our Profession, are Men, and are but Men; the Crime's a venial Crime; Men by Necessity commit that Crime.

Lop. Nay, then there are Hopes for me. The Lairy can be in no Danger sure, so long as they only follow their Teachers Example: This is excellent Doctrine indeed for Fornication.

Silo. But I have chastis'd my self for it, and repented.

Lop. Aye, so will I now: I am old; my dancing Days are over; I must repent of those Sort of Sins whether I will or no.

Silo. But proceed, Son.

Lop. Ch! Ch! Ch! Ah this Cough! After I had been expell'd the College for these Misdemeanors, I got into the Excise and Custom Offices, in both which I cheated the Government and
the

The Humours of Purgatory. 7

the Subject, and put the Bread of the Poor in my own Pocket: Nay, when there was any Difference between the Merchant and my self, I never fear'd the Guilt of a little Perjury, so I could carry the Cause by Dint of Swearing.

Silv. It is the common Practice of those Sort of People; therefore since Custom allows it, and our Superiors wink at it, the Crime is not so heinous, but my Authority will pardon it.

Lop. Thence I went into the Army, and was in the Service against *France* seven Years, in which Time, ———

I ——— was ——— I did ——— I cheated the ——— I put the Money ——— I dare not say what I did to my poor Fellow-Soldiers ——— huh! huh!

Silv. Weep not, Son, but proceed.

Lop. Getting a Wound on the Head at the Siege of *Barcelona*, I was render'd unserviceable, and return'd Home, where buying me a Place in the Hospital of *Invalids*, those poor, old, maim'd Soldiers, who had ventur'd their Lives, and lost their Limbs bravely in the Service of their Country, did I, wicked, confounded I, abuse, defraud, and use — worse than the Devil would have

8 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

done: Cheating them of their Pensions was the least of my Crimes.

Silv. You must make Restitution, Son; you must do some Work of Charity; it will be a great Atonement, and lessen the Magnitude of the Offence.

Lop. After this, I was preferr'd to be a Corrigidor, in which Place I was most scandalously busy; I sent out Spies to observe honest Mens Actions, and encourag'd wicked Informers that would bring them into Trouble. False Witnesses were my only Delight. I took Bribes, sold Justice, and perverted the Sense of the Law, as I had Occasion to serve my self or my Party: I weep to think of it; but I often condemn'd the Innocent, and acquitted the Guilty: It was my certain Maxim, that he who had most Money, or was best back'd by the Interest of the Great Ones, had the best Cause. Huh! huh! huh!

Silv. By my Sacerdotal Office, lamentable Crimes! repent, Son, repent.

Lop. By these Courses, Father, I've gain'd me a considerable Estate, and the Title of a *Dox*.

Silv.

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Silv. That is not so great a Crime; any Man that has Money, and some few necessary Qualities to recommend him, may be a Lord now-a-days; 'tis not a Farthing Matter how he comes by his Estate, so Promotion follow. But of the former Sins, repent, Son, repent.

Lop. I do! I do! and to conclude, Father, my whole Life since I have employ'd as an Usurer and a Stock-Jobber, and have cheated and abus'd every Body.

Silv. Did you never defraud the Church?

Lop. Yes, yes, often; when I was a Boy, I made nothing of robbing the Orchard or the Dove-House of the *Benedictine* Fryars.

Silv. You must make Restitution, Son.

Lop. I will give all I have to the Church.

Silv. No; you have Children.

Lop. One Daughter.

Silv. She must be your sole Heiress.

Lop. And not the Church, Father?

Silv. No.

B 3

Lop

12 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Faculty are Knaves; and I'll have nothing to do with any of you. Ch! ch!

Jul. Pray, my Lord, endeavour to compose your self.

Lop. Sure a Man had better have the Devil at his Elbow, when he's dying, than a Wife, a Fryar, and a Doctor of Physick, all at once. Hold your Peace all of you, and don't trouble me in my last Moments. How can you be so uncharitable, as not to let a Man die in Quiet? Here you all stand gaping about me, like so many Vultures, to see my last Gasps, and then devour my Substance among you. If I were poor, you would all be hang'd before you would trouble me thus. *Enter Grat.* It is my Office to administer.

Lop. Aye, it is your Office to attend the Sick, and administer Things necessary; but, as I said, if I were poor, I might die in a Ditch, and be damn'd, if I would, for all your Physick or your Prayers; I know you both. I am dead! Now! now! Now! that I don't know it, I see it in Peace, and let me die in Peace. You are uncharitable, and unjust. *Exit Grat.* Your Practice is a Cheat. *Lop.*

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Lop. Ch! Ch! Ch! I am going! I am going! I shall swing into Purgatory in the turning of a Bed-staff! Ch! Ch! close my Eyes, Wife; *Constance*, close my Eyes.

Const. Dear Father, you are not so near Death as you fancy.

Lop. You lie, you Baggage, I am dead already. Don't you see I am stiff—stiff—and cold as any Stone. Feel on me; I am cold—cold—cold—dead—quite dead.

Guz. Fancy, all Fancy; your Pulse indeed does beat somewhat disorderly.

Lop. How can any Man be so ignorant? Do any Pulses beat about me?

Guz. Indeed they do.

Lop. 'Tis false; I am as dead as a Herring. I am speechless, motionless, and insensible of any Thing. Oh! Oh! Twitch——there I felt it——Oh——Twitch—twitch—Close my Eyes.

Guz. I never saw the like.

Lop. Oh! Oh! I'll ding you cross the Chops, if you touch me. Whese—whese——Now! now! now!! my last Gasp.

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Casp. There, so— now I am dead,
now I am dead. [*Falls in his Chair as dead.*]

Silv. This is wonderful!

Guz. Father, you are a Man of Letters, and, I may suppose, not unacquainted with our Art of Physick.

Silv. I must confess I have some little Knowledge of the Science. I may have as much Knowledge of Physick as I have of Divinity, for ought I know. [*Aside.*]

Guz. It is most proper to have a perfect Knowledge of this Distemper, before one proceed to the Cure of it.

Silv. Certainly.

Guz. Therefore I should be glad to talk with you about it.

Silv. Yes. How shall I come off with the Doctor now? [*Aside.*]

Guz. You have seen the diagnostic, gnōstick, and prognostick Symptoms of this Distemper.

Silv. So I have.

Guz. *Don Lopez* is unhappily attacked, affected, agitated, possess'd, &c. with that Sort of Folly we call *Hypochondriack*, or *Melancholy*: A Frenzy of a very dreadful Species, and which requires

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requires a Person consummate in the Art of Physick to remove.

Sib. True; very true.

Jul. You do well, always to answer in the Affirmative.

Sib. Aye, let me alone; I'll say something, though 'tis nothing to the Purpose, as he does. [To *Julia*.

Guz. Pray, Lady, how long has *Don Lopez* been troubled with this Distemper?

Jul. Several Years. When he was in the Wars, he receiv'd a Wound in the Head, which I believe might be some Cause of it; for he has been thus between whiles ever since.

Lop. Zounds! was I ever dead in my Life before? What Fools you make of your selves?

Jul. But never arriv'd to that Degree of Frenzy you now see him in.

Guz. Never before,

Lop. How can you stand gabbling here, and see a Man lie dead before you, without closing his Eyes? Have you no Christianity in you? Are you all such Wretches as Fryer

16 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Paul Skallcap rails at, *Athiests* and *Papists* both?

Guz. What has he fed on of late?

Jul. His usual Dyet; 'till within these two Days his Frenzy has been so high, we could not get him to eat or drink any Thing.

Guz. Did he use to eat often, or much at a Time?

Jul. Yes, he was a very hearty Man always.

Guz. So much the worse: That great Appetition of frigid and humid, is an Indication of Heat and Aridity within—— Did he sleep well?

Jul. Very well.

Guz. His Sleep not interrupted with Dreams.

Jul. Yes, sometimes in the Night he would get up and be stirring; but it was soon over, and he fell asleep again.

Guz. Too much given to Drowsiness.

Jul. Yes, I should have lik'd him much better, had he been less inclin'd to Drowsiness: But to say the Truth, he was a Man all his Life-time well enough as to that Particular, take him altogether,

altogether, up and down, as the Proverb says.

Guz. I must proceed to the Therapeutick Part of this.

Silv. The Therapeutick; yes, so you must.

Guz. It is by *Galen*.

Silv. The celebrated *Galen*.

Guz. True; the celebrated *Galen* — it is by him.

Silv. And *Hippocrates*.

Guz. Aye, learned Father, and by *Hippocrates*, learnedly distinguish'd from two others.

Silv. Right; but what they are, the Devil take me if I know.

Guz. The first proceeds from the Vitiosity of the Brain.

Silv. Yes, I know it does; it does indeed.

Guz. The second, from the whole Mass of Blood being obstructed.

Silv. So it does.

Guz. The third is our present Case, and is call'd Hypochondriack; it arises from a Defect in the lower Venter; the Heat and Inflammation of which,

h'man

†8 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

which, sends fuliginous Particles of a crass Nature to the Brain.

Silv. It is impossible to have it found otherwise.

Lop. Good Lord! must I close my Eyes my self.

Guz. All this being premis'd—

Sily. *Ignoti nulla est Curatio Morbi.*

Guz. True; it will not be difficult to concur in Remedies applicable to the Distemper.

Lop. Here are Physicians for you, with a Plague to em; they are preparing Remedies after the Patient is dead.

Guz. First, the Obthurant Plethory of the Body must be remov'd; he must be liberally phlebotomiz'd, his Bleedings frequent and plentiful.

Lop. He'll see you damp'd first, I can tell you that.

Guz. He must bleed in *Vena Basilica*, next in *Vena Cephalica*; and if the Disease proves obstinate, we must open a Vein in his Forehead; he must also purge, disopulate, and evacuate by Catharticks proper. *Tes de malade* says the fore-nam'd

The Humours of Purgatory. 19
nam'd *Hippocrates*, in the 9th Aphorism
of his 4th Section.

Lop. Why, are not you a damn'd
Rascal now? You can't, like other
Doctors, be satisfy'd with killing a Man
once, but you must plague him with
Purgations afterwards, and kill him a-
gain; you may prescribe what Potions
you please, but if I take any of them,
the Devil take me. Your Physicians
think dead Men tell no Tales; but I,
that am a dead Man, can tell you we
are too wise to be kill'd twice over.

Guz. Pray let him be remov'd to his
Bed.

Lop. Zounds! I shall stink present-
ly; put me into a Coffin and a Shrowd,
and let me be bury'd out of the Way.

Guz. Call your Servants, and let him
be put to Bed.

Lop. What, shan't I have Christian
Burial amongst you, you inhumane
Monsters? I don't know but you may
have contracted for my Body, to make
an Anatomy; or mean to dry me up,
send me to the Catacombs, and make
an *Egyptian Mummy* of me.

Guz.

C 2

SCENE continues.

Don Lopez dragging in his Chair
 with one Hand, his Sword in the
 other, with which he drives in
 Diego and Jaccomo.

Lop. I must go to Bed! And I shall
 go to Bed! Why, you impudent Scoun-
 drels you, as I am a dead Man, he
 that first touches me, with a Design to
 force me, I'll send his Soul, with mine,
 into Purgatory.

Dieg. It was my Lady's Order, Sir.

Lop. She's more inhuman than a Ty-
 gress; and if I were alive again, I'd fit
 her for it, I'd warrant her.

Jac. Nay, Sir, it was the Doctor's
 Order.

Lop. But I order you to go forthwith
 to my Neighbour Sacrilege, the Sexton,
 bid him dig me a Grave nine Foot deep,
 and let him toll the Bell, that good
 Christians may pray for me! What a
 Pox, if no Body will bury me, I'll bu-
 ry my self.

Jac.

The Humours of Purgatory. 123

Jac. Your Honour may do as you please; but —

Lop. Go, I say.

Exit, and returns with Cardus.

Jac. My Lord, here's your Apothecary.

Lop. Good Lord! more Plagues!

Car. My Lord; your Lordship's humble Servant; I am order'd by Doctor *Quisman* Curse-Gruel, to let your Blood in *Vena Basilica*; but first here's a small Prescription you are to take.

Lop. Thank you heartily; but I know better.

Car. Indeed, my Lord, you must take it.

Lop. Take it? Why, don't you see I am dead; are you mad (or bewitch'd)?

Car. Ha! ha! I know it is your Lordship's Distemper, and if you wou'd please to take it —

Lop. Let me feel it. —

Car. Here, get a Glass; a Drinking-Glass — My Lord, it's an inoffensive Cathartick, a Sort of an easy Evacuator, or Preliminary to other Prescriptions.

Lop.

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Lop. Hah! in the face of the sun.

Car. You need not fear any malign Influence; it will do you no Harm in the World.

Lop. Won't it?

Car. No, Sir; 'tis order'd, Sir, 'tis order'd by the Doctor; and being order'd, as I said, it was — a — will you be pleas'd to take it? — 'tis benign, benign, Sir; absterfive, absterfive.

[*Gives him the Glass.*]

Lop. Absterfive, ha, absterfive! here, you Blockhead, take your Absterfive your self, and let it be benign, benign to you, with a Pox to you.

[*Throws it in his Face.*]

Car. Ah — my Lord — ah, yes, — this is all wrong; but that 'tis owing to your Distemper; or 'twere insufferable Usage: Will you please to bare your Arm.

Lop. For what?

Car. To be let Blood.

Lop. Blood — what sin to I go?

Car. Yes, my Lord.

Lop. Blood!

Car. Yes.

Lop. Why have not you the Sense to know that a dead Man's Blood is cold?

— stag-

~~—stagnated—and congeal'd?—were you~~
~~to cut open every Vein in my Body,~~
 I should bleed no more than a Post;
 and would you have Blood out of a
 Post? Out, you Nizey Toad! I never
 heard of such a Blockhead in all the
 Days of my Life; never since I was
 born. ~~blow thro' and thro' to him.~~

~~Car. And no—~~ but if you
~~do, you'll bleed,~~ if you touch me, I'll
 be the Death of you.

~~Car. Pray, Gentlemen, do me the~~
~~Favour to assist me.~~

~~Top. You had best leave the Room,~~
~~or I'll have you waded now, won't you?~~

~~Car. I will dispatch as soon as you~~
~~please; I love to be expeditious in dis-~~
~~patching a Patient according to the~~
~~Doctor's Orders; I'll do it with a Jirk.~~

~~Top. A Jirk, ha! a Jirk! I tell you~~
 I am dispatch'd already; and if you
 had the Sense of a Gardner, you would
 see it. Leave me presently, or, a
 Plague confound you, I'll jerk you to
 the Devil! Jerk, quotha, jerk!

~~Car. O ye~~

~~Top. Blood and Destruction; I'll bear~~
 it no longer! Sure No Ghost, no
 Ghost.

26 *The Humours of Rurycory.*

Ghost was ever [Beats on off the Stage]
so tormented as mine! [Sits down.]

[Enter Julia and Constantia.]

Jul. O my poor Lord! little did I
think of such a Change as this; little
did I suspect his Death would have
been so sudden:—Come, bring in the
Shroud and Coffin; since his will we must
endeavour to bear it with Patience:
Take off his Gown, Faccone, and put
this Shroud upon him: he always de-
clar'd against Washing and Laying out.

Lop. Aye, now you behave yourselves
like Christians.

Const. Ah, my poor, dear, dead Fa-
ther! oh! oh! [Weeps.]

Lop. Poor Child! poor Child! poor
Child! [They put him in the Coffin.]

[Enter Silvio.]

Silv. Madam, every Thing is ready
for the Funeral; the People wait
without that have brought the Bier;
the Grave is made; and I have order'd
the Bell to toll as we go.

Jul.

The Humours of Purgatory. 67

Jul. I am not willing to bury him so soon; I have heard of thole that have been thought dead; and yet have been only in a Trance; perhaps he's so.

Silv. Ah, Madam, he's in no Trance; he's dead for certain, really dead.

Lop. Aye, so I am, to be sure! A Trance! no, no, I'm in no Trance; I am dead in earnest.

Silv. He was no Friend to me, but yet I lov'd him for *Constantia's* Sake, and must shed one Tear at his Funeral.

Jul. Let the Bearers come in, and take him up.

Enter Bearers, who lay Don Lopez on the Bier.

Const. Ah! my poor Father!

Silv. Ah! rest his Soul!

Jac. *Diego*, why don't

Diego Huh! huh! huh!

oh! my poor Master!

Jac. Oh! oh! oh! huh!

Bill rolls. They cry

longe

He was a cruel Villain!

He wrong'd the poor



Exeunt.

ACT

28 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

mid yind or galliw not ms I Inf



A I enu be or, ms I o I Ave, to be sure!
I ; const I on ni I on I Trace! no, po, I m in no fance; I
A C T II
am dead in earnest.

and am of heart no saw He. He was no friend to me, but
b SCENE changes to the Street.
must shed one Tear at his Funeral.

and Enter the Funeral Procession.
take him up.

Julia, Silvius, Constantia, Diego, Yacoma,
and the Mob.

1 *Mob.* Ah! my poor Father!

2 *Mob.* Ah! tell his soul!

3 *Mob.* Who is to be bur-

ry'd my poor Master?

4 *Mob.* It! it! it! Don

Leguill Porro Kiganto.

5 *Mob.* That old Rogue!

6 *Mob.* He was a cursed Villain!

7 *Mob.* He wrong'd the Poor.

T O A

2 *Mob.*



1. *Mob.* He was an Usurer.

3. *Mob.* A Stock-Jobber.

1. *Mob.* A Thief.

2. *Mob.* He murder'd a Man once.

3. *Mob.* The World is well rid of him.

2. *Mob.* We'll see where he's bury'd, Neighbours.

3. *Mob.* That we may drive a Stake through his Carcass, as they do thro' those that fore-do themselves, and go headlong to the Devil.

2. *Mob.* An old Wretch.

[Starts up in his Coffin.]

Lop. Do if you dare! you abominable slandering Villains! Are not you afraid of a Judgment upon you, for belying the Dead thus?

1. *Mob.* Ah! what an old Knave is not dead.

Lop. Did I ever commit Murder, or Theft? Did I? you lying Rascals! Zounds, if I were not dead, I'd — go to Law with you, I'd fouse you with a Vengeance; Rascals!

2. *Mob.* He's not dead, Neighbours.

Lop. You lie! I am dead! and 'tis well for you that I am. A Slanderer of the Dead, is worse than a Parricide:

D

If

30 *The Hymns of Purgatory*

If I were alive, I'd deal with you, you Villains.

Silv. Leave 'em to me, *Don Lopez*; I'll use 'em according to their Deserts, I'll warrant 'em.

Lop. Sue 'em, arrest 'em all.

Silv. So I will.

Lop. I think poor old *Don Lopez*, that is dead and gone, was acquainted with thee once. Art thou not *Don*?

Silv. I am.

Silv. I am.

Lop. Good lack! this is kind of thee. I did not think thou hadst been so honest a Fellow; if I had, thou should'st have marry'd my Daughter: But now I'm dead, and can't alter my Will.

Silv. No, I am sorry for it.

Lop. Well, thou wilt see me bury'd?

Silv. Yes, I will.

Lop. And go to Law with those Villains, those Traytors?

Silv. You may depend upon it.

Lop. Farewell, *Silv.* if I can do thee any Service in the other World, depend upon it I will.

Exit Lopez.

Excant. all break off.

Exit all.

C

1 Mob.

The Hamlets of Purgatory. 31

1 *Mob.* Well, but Neighbours, what Jest is all this? I thought *Don Lopez* had been dead.

3 *Mob.* No, no, he's but dead in Jest, and has a Mind to be bury'd in Jest, I suppose.

1 *Mob.* And so go to the Devil in Earnest, has he?

3 *Mob.* Poth no, no, let him alone for that; he won't go to the Devil so long as he can help it. Those Sort of Usurers, and ~~Stop-Jobbers~~, and Lawyers, and Corrigidors, and such, do all they can to cheat the Devil.

1 *Mob.* Ho! ho! and this was only to cheat the Devil, was it?

3 *Mob.* Nothing in the World else: *Don Silvio* hir'd us to do it, Man: Here's Money, d'ye see? Come, let's go and be merry with it.

All. Aye, let us, let us.

3 *Mob.* Hold, hold, it is good to be merry and wise, as the World runs.

2 *Mob.* Aye, and 'tis good to have Wit in our Angles too.

3 *Mob.* So 'tis; and we must have a Care, whatever we think — that we talk no Treason — against my Lord Mayor's Horse; tho' there's no great Matter.

32 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Matter of Crime in it, yet for fear of being drawn into Preliminaries.

2 *Mob.* You say right, and so Mum—
for that.

3 *Mob.* Buy well—

Drink, and drive Care away,

Drink, and be merry;

*We shall nere go the sooner to the Stygian
Ferry.*

Come, Neighbours, come. [Exeunt.]



Scene changes to Don Lopez's House.

Stage made dark.

*Enter with the Coffin, Silvio, Julia, Con-
stantia, &c.*

Silv. Here rest in Peace, Don Lopez;
once I did hope to call you Father;
but now those Hopes are lost: Now I
can only wish it had been so, and say
I was your Friend.

Julia. *My Father!*

The Humours of Purgatory. 33

Int. Huh! huh! Ah poor Don Lopez! I am become a Widow by this Loss; no Friend, no Happiness of Life to come: Would I could rest with thee, then never more should Care or Sorrow reach me.

Const. I am an Orphan, left to the inhospitable World a weak and helpless Prey.

Silv. Madam, be comforted; his Name shall still survive, though his cold Corpse within this silent Tomb moulders to Dust, and in Oblivion's lost.

Int. O my Heart!

Silv. Enough by all means. Now let us entertain him with the Musick.

Fac. O Lord! Let us weep a little first, if it be only as Great Mens Heirs do, or younger Brothers for the Death of the Eldest, for Fashion: Huh! huh! huh! my dear, dear Master! [*Aside.*

Dieg. And mine too; ah cruel Death, to rob me of so good a Master!

Fac. So just.

Dieg. So bountiful.

Fac. So charitable.

Dieg. So honest, huh! huh!

D 3

Fac.

34 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Jac. I can but weep for him. *Hah!*
hah!

Lop. Poor Fellows, I pity 'em;
they will want me, that's the Truth
on't. [*In the Coffin.*

Silv. Come, let's retire, and to his
Rest commend him; and Peace be with
his Soul. [*Exeunt.*

Lop. Amen, Amen, with all my
Heart.

Here the Musick. Don Lopez ri-
ses, and looks about him. En-
ter the Dancers, Lopez, obser-
ving 'em all the while. The
Dance ended, enter Diego and
Jacomo like Ghosts, with a
Table, Chairs, Wine; Lopez
observes 'em, they go off.
[*Exeunt.*

Lop. What a Plague can be the
Meaning of all this? Where am I?
And who are all these? I never was
so amaz'd in my Life.

Enter

The Humours of Purgatory. 33

Enter Silvio, Julia, Constantia, and one
to sing, all dressed like Ghosts.

Silv. Sir I thank you; there can't be
better Entertainment in the other
World.

Lop. Other World? what World is
this, I trow?

Silv. Sir, my Service to you.

Lop. To me; thank you heartily—
But pray, Sirs, what Place is this I
am in?

Silv. You are in Purgatory.

Lop. In Purgatory! Good Lack! And
pray who are all those I have seen
dance and caper about thus?

Silv. They are Ghosts—dead Peo-
ple that have been bury'd.

Lop. Good Lord! and they dance and
sing in Purgatory?

Silv. Most certain.

Lop. And are jovial and merry?

Silv. Always.

Lop. Our Ghostly Fathers tell us of
fiery Purgations; heavy Penance, and
I don't know what; for my Part, I ex-
pected to be roasted, sing'd, or to
come off with a Plauging at best.

Silv.

36 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Silv. No such Thing.

Lop. I am glad on't, faith! glad at my Heart! Sure People are bewitch'd in that World I come from, to believe all these Things.

Silv. Aye, you are often told Things there by your Betters, that they themselves don't believe.

Lop. But pray what Country-men are you?

Silv. Citizens of *Brandipolis*.

Lop. But, I mean what Country-men were you in the other World?

Silv. *Spaniards* of *Kaladeli*.

Lop. My own Country-men! And pray is this same Place, this Purgatory, peopled with none but *Spaniards*?

Silv. O yes, here are Ghosts from all Parts of the World.

Lop. Indeed!

Silv. Of all Nations, and of all Ages.

Lop. Wonderful!

Silv. Would you believe it?

Lop. What!

Silv. We have *Alexander the Great* among us still.

Lop. And, pray, is he the same hot-headed, fighting Fellow, here, as Goodman,

The Humours of Purgatory. 37

man *Plutarch* would make us believe he was in the other World?

Silv. No—— *Darius* and he go Partners, here.

Lop. Partners! in what?

Silv. Both are nothing here but Rat-Catchers.

Lop. Good Lack! *Alexander* the Great but a Rat-Catcher! Their Courage is finely cool'd, that they dare encounter no other Enemies than Rats. Dwindled into Rat-Catchers!

Silv. What do you think *Julius Cæsar* is now?

Lop. I know not, truly.

Silv. Why he and *Pompey* are but two Bear-Garden Prize-Fighters.

Lop. Such as make Sport in our World for Holiday-Fools?

Silv. The same. And the handsome *Mark Anthony* is a Corn-Cutter, and goes about the Streets.

Lop. Have you any Corns to cut, Feet or Toes?

Silv. Yes, I have.

Lop. I am amaz'd! May I drink with you?

Silv. If you please, [They give him Wine,

Lop.

38 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Lop. And have you any Popes among you?

Silv. Yes, several.

Lop. And how are they employ'd?

Silv. Generally to bake Gingerbread, and sell *Aqua Mirabilis*.

Lop. Another Glas——. You have very good Wine here.

Silv. Yes.

Lop. Of what Growth?

Silv. Acheron's fertile Banks.

Lop. I am amaz'd again! And pray have you any Women amongst you here in Purgatory?

Silv. No, we are told very few of them have any Souls.

Lop. But those that have, what becomes of them?

Silv. They are generally dispos'd of in a lower Region.

Lop. And do you thrive distinct Trades here, as in the other World?

Silv. The very same; here are Ghosts of all Occupations.

Lop. A Pox take it! I wish I had brought my Money along with me, I would have follow'd one of my old Trades.

Silv.

Silv. What were they?

Lop. The Law, or Usury, or Stock-Jobbing, or Physick, or a Vintner.

Silv. No, you could not; they are all so scandalous in the other World, *Pluto* will suffer none of 'em here, except Vintners; them we can't be without.

Lop. Then *Pluto* is his High and Mightiness here, and will not suffer any of those Trades, but Vintners only?

Silv. Here they dare as well be burnt, as use Cyder and Turnip-Juice; and they have got such a damn'd Trick of it in the other World, that if the Devil fetch 'em, they won't leave it off.

Lop. Some more Wine then — but how — fill the Glass. But how does *Pluto* dispose of so many several Degrees of People, as there are in the other World: You know there's Nobles, Gentlemen, Mechanicks, &c.

Silv. He makes no Distinction here; all are dispos'd of, at his Pleasure, only Fops, Beaus, Gamblers, Cuckolds, Dancing-Masters, Fiddlers, and such.

Lop. And what comes of them?

Silv.

40 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Silv. They are generally sent into the Limbo of Fools, and set to spin.

Lop. Spin — Beans — Cuckolds — Fops — and Fiddlers set to spin! Gad's Curse! Nay, to say the Truth on't, they are good for little else in the other World.

Silv. Come, get out of your Coffin, sit down, and take a Bottle with us.

Lop. Shall I — I han't a Farthing to pay my Reckoning.

Silv. No Matter, we are in *Plato's* Court, and all we eat or drink, is Free-Cost.

Lop. Nay, if it be so, I can be as free as any of you: I never car'd how often I could eat and drink on Free-Cost. But I hope you have no Players here in Purgatory; for they will make plaguy free with your Com-mons, where there is nothing to pay.

Silv. O let not that trouble you, we never fear Provisions falling short. But come, Sir, my humble Service.

Lop. To me again? With all my Heart.

Silv. Two in a Hand.

Lop.

The Humours of Purgatory. 41

Lop. Aye, ten, if you please. Oh! this delicious Free-coft! A Plague for ever confound thofe Words, *What's to pay?*—— that the old World I come from makes fo common an Ufe of; a Man can't be merry there, but a fcurvy Rogue of a Drawer comes with a *to pay* at his Arfe, and choaks all ones Mirth in the very Height of it. Faith this is good Wine; Oh, thofe damn'd poyfoning Dogs the Vintners in our World.

Enter Diego and Jaccamo.

Silv. Here; Waiters, ferve in Supper.

Lop. Supper—— better and better: I am to fup here, am I?

Silv. If you like a Fowl.

Lop. A Fowl! Ayemarry do I, 'tis fine Eating! and I have a delicate Stomach. I fhould in the other World have been a Fryar or a Cardinal by right; for I love dearly to fill my Belly, and live on the Fat of the Land.

E

Supper.

42 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Supper brought in.

Lop. A little more Wine. Oh this Heavenly Free-cost!—this Nothing to pay is better than all! What do you call it—a—

Silv. *Acheron.*

Lop. Aye, *Acheron* Wine.

Silv. Hall too; no Ceremony.

Lop. No, I hate Ceremonies at Table: I am as much an Enemy to 'em there, as some Men are at Church. I never was for long Graces, to make the Meat cold; when the Stomach's eager, and the Food ready, Delays are dangerous.—

Musick plays.

Musick again! Lord! what a Life I shall lead in Purgatory?

Silv. Sir, you are extreamly welcome.

Lop. Aye, so it seems—Excellent Food, Faith, and Wine! Oh this heavenly Free-cost!—Another Glas of it.—A Bumper, Sirrah, it's Free-cost. Sir, my Service.

Silv.

The Humours of Purgatory. 43

Silv. Your Servant.

Lop. Well, but am I always to live thus?

Silv. As long as you please.

Lop. I swear, I was never so merry in all my Life, as I have been here since I dy'd. I will get drunk twice every Day with this Free-cost *Acheron*.
—— Come, another Glass—— Hey ho —— I begin to be sleepy, my-thinks.

Silv. You may take a Nap in your Chair, if you please.

Lop. So I will then; but some more of this Heavenly Free-cost first— You won't leave me alone here: I suppose I shall find you here when I wake.

Silv. Aye, aye, we are no Flinchers in this World.

Lop. Hey ho—— in half an Hour a Jogg, d'ye hear.

Silv. Aye, aye.

Lop. Hey ho, hey ho! [Sleeps]

Silv. He's fast already, I think; this Eating and Drinking after his late Abstinence has quite oppress'd him.

Const. This Sleep was lucky.

Silv. *Jacomo*, convey all these Things away.

46 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Silv. Does not your Lordship know your humble Servant *Silvio*?

Lop. *Silvio!* Where have I been? Have I not been dead and bury'd, and in Purgatory; at Supper too, and drinking of free cost *Acheron*; and seeing Ghosts dance and sing, and the Devil knows what?

Jul. It was but the Roving of your Fancy in a Dream; you have been asleep, *Don Lopez*, in that Chair.

Lop. Asleep! How long can I have been asleep?

Jul. Better than two Hours. You said your Head ach'd a little, and you would try to sleep. So we did not awake you; tho' *Don Silvio* has been here above an Hour, to know your final Resolution as to his Marriage with *Constantia*.

Lop. But are you sure that I am alive?

Jul. Yes.

Lop. I'll burn my Will then; for I have seen a Vision, which informs me *Don Silvio* is my honest Man, and my Friend. Therefore, to Morrow Morning, he shall marry my Child, and be my sole Heir; but for to Night, I feel my

The Humours of Purgatory. 47

my self out of Order, and will go to Bed; after a Night's Rest I shall be better perhaps, and may join with you in your Mirth. But do you hear, Silvio, you must promise to prosecute those People who defam'd me when I was dead; and thereupon I give you my Daughter.

Silv. A Gift so valuable, will make me look on your Pleasure, in every Thing as my Duty.

Lop. Well, *Julia*, give me hold on thy Arm; for even yet I cannot be positive whether I am, dead or alive: I fear my Indisposition has made me uneasy to thee; but I shall endeavour to be a more reasonable Husband for the future, and let you so far enjoy your self, that you shall not have Cause to

*Repeat my fancy a Burial was a Story,
and wish me really gone to Purgatory.*

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